

STORIES OF BRAVE WOMEN

American History Has Many a Record of Their Deeds.

PATRIOTIC WORK IN DAYS GONE BY

Furnished Supplies and Gave Warning and Fought, Too, in Revolutionary Times—Patriotism of Their Daughters Now.

American women are showing in every way possible their patriotism and pluck and while a great deal of the enthusiasm finds vent in belts and hat bands, those women who have been called upon for graver proof of their loyalty have in most cases given it unhesitatingly. It takes more courage for a mother to send her son to the front than for the son to go, and the wives and sweethearts of the men who are with the fleet in Cuban waters are having a worse time than the sailors, who are with with excitement and eagerness to follow Dewey and Hobson and make a bit of history themselves.

But American women have never been found lacking in patriotism, bravery and capacity for self-sacrifice, relates the New York Sun. Very few of them have been celebrated, but scattered through our history from early colonial times down to today there are records of brave deeds that show the American spirit of bravery and independence to belong as much to the women as to the men.

Every one knows something of the sturdy courage and endurance of the women of our pioneer settlements. They faced death, day by day, and all records of the time bear witness to their bravery. There were plenty of women like the one who, having been left in charge of the farm during her husband's absence, repulsed an Indian attack and then wrote to her husband:

Dear John: The Apaches attacked the house and I was obliged to take to the woods. I don't trouble to come home, but send me some ammunition.

YOUR LOVING WIFE.

When the Revolution first broke out the women were no whit behind the men in their patriotism. It is a pity that the record of their noble lives is not more complete. One of the most interesting of the justice year exhibits in England was a woman's roll of honor, compiled by Donald Mackenzie and giving the names of all English women of the Victorian era who have made themselves famous by deeds of moral or physical courage. Such a roll of honor for American women would be a thrilling and inspiring story.

Women of the Revolution.

From memoirs, diaries and old letters enough names have been given us to give us an idea of the tone of the women of the Revolution and the mothers stand out as heroically as any Spartan women. A Mrs. Martin voiced the general feeling when a British officer asked her whether she had a son.

"I have seven."

"Where are they?"

"Fighting for their country."

"All of them?"

"All."

"The officer sneered. 'Well, you sent enough,' he said.

Mrs. Martin looked him squarely in the face. 'I wish I had fifty sons to send against you.'

Such instances pile up before the searcher, and there were mothers braver than these. One of them sent an only son to the siege of Augusta. A British soldier, full of hatred for the rebels, rode out of his way after the battle to tell the woman of her son's death. She met him at the door and, without a word of warning, he brutally announced:

"You had a son. I saw his brains blown out at Augusta."

The mother's form grew rigid, but she said proudly:

"He could not have died in a nobler cause."

There are mothers in the land today as brave as she, if a cause like hers should call; and, even when the cause is the liberty of another race, the mothers have been brave and stooped to the same. Without work was needed more in the old days than it is in this time of government supplies and a well-filled treasury, and wherever women were needed, there they were found.

Mrs. Draper of Dedham, Mass., sent her husband and son to the front. When she was called in her neighbors and began baking bread and pies, which she kept on a long table before her gate, for the comfort of all hungry American soldiers who passed that way. After Bunker Hill, when the scarcity of ammunition induced Washington to collect for all available powder and lead, the same Mrs. Draper came to the front again. Pewter was dear to the heart of the New England housekeeper, and she had one of the finest collections in New England; but without a moment's hesitation she melted down all her pewter, and with furnishing the material, she obtained a mould and made the pewter into bullets, which she forwarded to the army. Then a new war arose. The men were insufficiently clothed. The indefatigable Mrs. Draper had plenty of domestic cloth, and she was open for family use. She made it into soldiers' coats. Her splendid stock of sheets and blankets was transformed into shirts, and even her own flannel clothing was altered to men's garments.

Saw Her Home Destroyed.

She was one woman among thousands like her. The famous Mrs. Motte, who had given signal evidence of patriotism, was at one time obliged to leave her handsome home, which fell into British hands. Mrs. Motte took up her residence in a farmhouse back of the American lines. The American commander became convinced that the only way of routing the British was by destroying the Motte house, but he hesitated to mention this to the patriotic woman. When he did pluck up courage to do so, he was relieved of all embarrassment by the young man who refused to fight for the country that there was really no merit in a young man going to the front. He was between devil and deep sea, and to stay at home would have been harder than to face the British.

American women gave up tea, too; and in that day that was a sacrifice as heroic as it would be in England now. Peggy Stewart of Annapolis went further than that in the tea fight. She was the pretty wife of Anthony Stewart, a merchant and shipowner, who was a barke named for her. The Peggy Stewart, came in with a cargo of tea, she ordered both the tea and the bark to be burned in the harbor; and forced her husband to hold the torch with which the fire which destroyed his property was kindled.

Property wasn't the only thing women were ready to give up in those war days. They risked their lives as coolly as men; and many an American victory was due to woman's wit and daring. Dozens of times American troops were saved from capture by the warning of a woman who risked her life to carry it to them. Lydia Darrah, the

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Among the exploits which stand out in strong relief from the four years' work of the federal navy in the civil war, relates the New York Tribune, one of the most picturesque in its results, was the passing of the confederate batteries at Fort Hudson, on the Mississippi, by Admiral Farragut, and his subsequent patrol of the river above that point. The admiral's own opinion of the achievement was expressed in a letter which he wrote home soon after the event. He said:

"My last dash past Fort Hudson was the best thing I ever did, except taking New Orleans."

Abundant testimony to the importance of the step was also given at the time, both by union officers, whom it assisted, and by the confederates, large numbers of whom it put on exceedingly short rations.

In the late winter and early spring of 1863 Farragut's fleet was at New Orleans. It was well understood that the confederates on both banks of the Mississippi and throughout that neighborhood generally received the bulk of their supplies from Texas and through Mexican ports, and that most of these supplies were conveyed to the Mississippi by the way of the great Red river and other smaller streams from the west. It was finally determined that Farragut should make several vessels past the batteries of Fort Hudson, which were manned by a large confederate force, and thereby cut off the supplies upon which the southern troops depended. He himself would lead the expedition, on his flagship, the steam sloop-of-war Hartford. With him at this time, on a visit to his son Loyall, then only a boy, it is interesting to have a denotation of the action as it was seen and participated in by the latter. Mr. Farragut, who was formerly in the army, but resigned in 1852, now lives in New York City, and said, the other day, when asked about the passing of the batteries:

"I was only a youngster at the time, you know, and in order that I might visit my father I had been assigned to a regular rating on board the Hartford in the summer of 1862. I was a kind of clerk and my duties were not heavy. It was in March, 1863, that we moved up with seven ships from New Orleans to Baton Rouge and then still further up to a point a little below Fort Hudson. Our vessels were the Hartford, the Richmond, the Genesee, the Monongahela, the Albatross, the Kineo and the Mississippi. All these vessels were equipped with both sails and steam—screw-driven—but the Mississippi was a big, old-fashioned side-wheel steambot, such as were used on the river. Before attempting the passage of the batteries the officers and men were busy making the usual preparations for a fight. These consisted in clearing away the superfluous spars, placing splinter nettings, etc. The Hartford had its lower rigging, masts, and chain cables were swung on each side from the extreme ends. Other chains were coiled vertically along the sides, especially in front of the boilers. This was done on all the ships. Every effort was always made to protect the boilers and engines, upon which so much depended.

Getting Under Way.

"It was a little after dark on the evening of March 23 when we got under way. The fort's island, about seven miles below Fort Hudson. In my capacity of signaler I was allowed to give the signal for the fleet to 'get under way' and follow the flagship in 'echelon order.' It was done by displaying a red lantern over the stern of the ship, which led. As we moved up the river, the ships were ready. They proceeded by twos, according to a plan which had been found to work well elsewhere. Each of the three sloops, the heavier vessels, had a gunboat lashed to its port side, the lighter vessels the enemy's batteries at Fort Hudson. The advantage of this order was that the stronger ship protected the weaker, and it was of great value also to have two sets of engines to depend upon. The Mississippi, as the odd one of the seven, came after the three pairs, and led at a short distance. The distance between a number of mortar boats, guarded by the ironclad Essex. It was intended that these should pass Fort Hudson, their purpose being to engage the shore batteries and divert the fire from us as much as possible while we were getting a breath of air stirring. We moved up slowly against the strong current and the water in the river was so low that the ship's bottom often Hartford drew about seventeen feet—then actually touched and scraped the bottom. At last we were in danger of grounding almost any time and if it had not been for our pilot, old Carrell, who knew every inch of that part of the river thoroughly, we should very likely have done so. The admiral always played great confidence in Carrell and stuck to him persistently when the officers protested against his besetting fault of drunkenness. The admiral knew that as long as Carrell was sober he had no superior, and probably no equal, among the Mississippi pilots.

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"A few minutes after we were well started again it was reported that the Hartford had been cut up by the batteries. This announcement, usually without foundation, of rams bearing down upon us, was a continual bugbear while the fleet was in the river. It used to vex the admiral greatly, because it tended to disturb the men unnecessarily. Reports of the rams, brought to be of terrible power, were often alleged by the negroes who found their way to the river banks. The admiral often said that every one seemed to have the 'ram fever' and he could not break it up. In this instance, however, no chances could be taken, and the order was given to 'Call away the boarders!' My father intended to have a hand in this fight himself, if it were to be any, and he seized his own cut-throat razor and started forward at a rapid time nearly 62 years old, but wonderfully active and energetic. This ram rumor failed to materialize, however, like most of the others, and we went ahead without hindrance. We came to anchor above the bend in the river, and the rams were not there. It was remarkable, considering that we had been under fire over an hour, perhaps nearly two hours, that we had only one man killed and two wounded. The spars and parts of the deck were pretty well splintered up from the shells which had struck them.

A Ship Aground.

"As we waited in our safer position, in great anxiety we saw the ship, of whose fate we knew nothing, was sent a bright light in the sky, which we could tell must come from a ship burning. We did not know then which one it was, but we learned later from members of its crew, who made their way to land and up to our position, that it was the Mississippi. It had run aground on the shoal at the western bank of the bend and it was found impossible to get it off. By that time the confederates had got the range much better and their well directed shots cut it up badly. Its commander ordered it to be set on fire and managed to get most of his men ashore in boats. The other vessels had met with various accidents to their machinery or had run aground on the treacherous shoals, and our two, the Hartford and the Albatross, were thus the only ones to pass the batteries. Of course two vessels could not do the same work for which the admiral had destined seven, but it is a matter of record that by hovering around the Red river district they kept the enemy pretty short of supplies in that neighborhood.

"As for me, I had to go home when we got up the river, and my father and some of the officers held a sort of council of war over me and the decision was that I had better go to some safer place. So that was my last naval battle. I went to West Point later and became a member of the other branch of the service."

PAYMASTER STANTON.

Thought the Boys How to Fight "Injuns"—Fun with the Prince.

An eastern paper tells us that:

"Thaddeus H. Stanton, paymaster of the United States army, is the only officer of his corps who has received honorary rank for gallantry in action since the war of the rebellion.

Seems to us that name has a familiar sound; we certainly have heard it somewhere, remarks the Salt Lake Tribune. Oh, yes. He was the fighting paymaster who, when on a mission to pay off the troops on the frontier, found the boys having "a hot time," not "in the old town," but with the savages; so he borrowed a gun, and, going into the front rank, by his example taught the boys how to fight "Injuns" and they forgot their fear of the redskins in admiration of that self-sacrificed paymaster, who was showing them that before he was paymaster he had some little experience in the way to deal with the red devils. Then they began to call him "Crook's fighting paymaster." For several years he was a resident here and was engaged principally in making peace, though he had a few engagements. One was when President Cleveland sent this way a surveyor general for Utah. He was a bright man, but his experience had been beyond the Mississippi. He came here with a bitter contempt for the residents in this region. He was met by the late Postmaster General Barratt, of his sacred memory, who in the courtesy of his soul and the interest of the democratic party took the new surveyor general to the Alta club, but behind it, at a short distance, were a number of mortar boats, guarded by the ironclad Essex. It was intended that these should pass Fort Hudson, their purpose being to engage the shore batteries and divert the fire from us as much as possible while we were getting a breath of air stirring. We moved up slowly against the strong current and the water in the river was so low that the ship's bottom often Hartford drew about seventeen feet—then actually touched and scraped the bottom. At last we were in danger of grounding almost any time and if it had not been for our pilot, old Carrell, who knew every inch of that part of the river thoroughly, we should very likely have done so. The admiral always played great confidence in Carrell and stuck to him persistently when the officers protested against